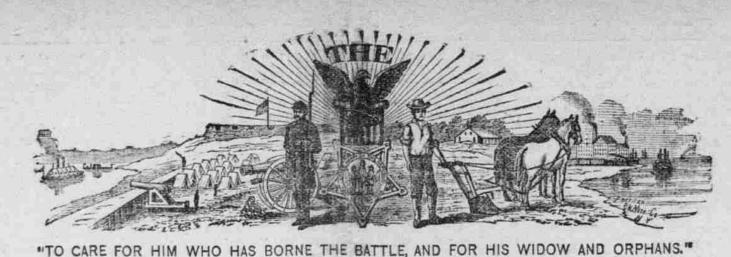
## National



Oribunic.

ESTABLISHED 1877-NEW SERIES.

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Monthly Meetings of the Club of Curious Characters.

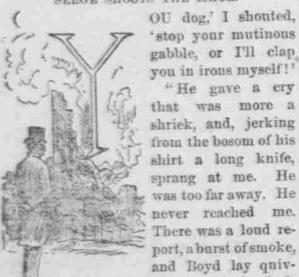
A MUTINY QUELLED.

The Haunted Ship and Her Doomed Crew.

THE LAST MEETING. An Interruption and the End of

It All.

BY LIEUT. MASON A. SHUFELDT, U. S. N. [COPYRIGHT, 1589.] SERGE SHOOTS THE MATE.



gabble, or I'll clap you in irons myself! from the bosom of his cry of a human being in deadly distress. shirt a long knife, was too far away. He never reached me. There was a loud re- you, when I give the word.'

I jumped over his body and covered the the outlines of straining rigging and swayother two men with my brace of pistols. "Down! Down on your knees-quick! heard the uncarthly cry. Up with your hands, both of you!'

"They hesitated a second, then down they on the foreyard."

Bom ! all about, looking aft and excitedly talking | nothing. calling their names. At first they did not him." after-grating to the hold. This they did to me. cargo and the grating put on again. I then | swered: called all hands aft and made a short speech "'Poor fellow, poor fellow! A hard night; to them. I pointed out the horrors of any a nasty, black and stormy night-Serge!' forcibly upon this. They listened intently, yard by my side was the form and with much nodding of heads, hitching of trousers and spitting.

cocked both pistols and held them exposed, and a bullethole in his forehead, just over 'every man who returns to his duty, walk | the right eye!

pistols in my pockets, and, after telling the | The power of muscular action deserted me. men to carry the body of Boyd forward, I could not raise my hand or voice. I began went into the cabin. I laid the weapons on to lose my senses. I quivered in every limb. the cabin table and poured out and drained | I dropped my hold of the rigging and buried a glass of spirits; it had been a pretty excit- my face in my hands before I dared to look ing day. Then I went to the door of the again. Years seemed to pass and ages to Boatswain's room and tapped upon the bulk- shock my views of life and immortality. I head. There was no answer. I pulled thought, thought, rapidly and wildly aside the old green baize curtain that ran thought. The wind howled its fierce monoon rings that moved along the brass rod. I | tone; the great ship rose and fell to the dark

the heart! And, of course, I knew whose my face to it. dirk had done the awful and cowardly deed. "The vision had gone!

have been beating and tacking northward ing, steady as the needle of a compass. against the strongest northwest wind I ever | What we sometimes make in the day we as experienced. It has sometimes amounted surely lose at night. Gale after gale we have to almost a gale, and hit us straight in our ridden out. Blow after blow, all from the teeth.' We had not made, by my closest same direction. Little by little the ship is galculations, 50 miles on our course all that being forced farther south and the weather time. I was getting to be a little frightened. growing colder and more boisterous. The Our stock of water was getting a little low, water is now very low,' I had made my The men had settled down to good be- mind up a dozen times to change our course havior, but we were shorthanded. I had to the eastward and try to reach Java or kept the mutineers in irons all the time, some of the outlying islands. It was too taking off the hatch only to give them air late now. The ship had neither the water and food. What with the loss of the First | nor provisions for so long a voyage, and we and Second Mates and Boatswain, and the were far south now of the Cape of Good above-mentioned prisoners, the men were Hope. One-two days before this I was played out with the constant hauling and | walking on the poop, when I saw a man pulling and head winds. The prospect was come aft and stand by the mainmast. He not bright.

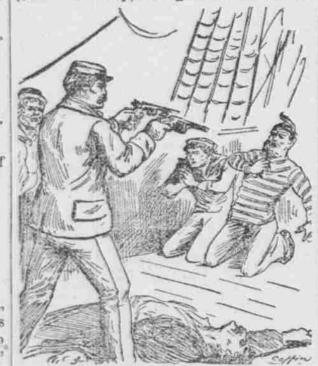
"Nov. 20.-The same terrible head wind, me. I went down the ladder to him. His and little or no headway. I am very anxi- name was Hansen, a Swede, a good worker ous. The men are getting uneasy. Our and a fine seaman. water pretty low and provisions scarcer. Our " "What's the matter, Hansen?" limejuice all gone. Have a few cases of pickles, but the situation is alarming.' Towards the middle of this day and date the "He threw back his head, and opening his membered, I was much weakened with con- at each member of the C. C. C. Finally, he weather changed, but the wind came in the mouth wide thrust out his tongue. I looked stant strain, want of proper food and long jerked out, in a harsh, shrill voice: rapidly and the sky was densely overcast. I told him I thought I could help him, and posed. I thought that I might have been By nightfall it was blowing again a heavy would send him something. He went for mistaken about the light. I gradually gathnortheast gale, with a big sea. The ship ward. I went aft and continued my walk ered sufficient courage to get up; I slipped easy, one of the men came aft and told me that were clenched behind me, and fears were intended to take a stroll on deck to cool my he placed his bony hand upon it, "what do went forward with him. I found a knot of what was the matter with him. men huddled together on the forecastle, all looking seaward. One or two had seen it.

of them shouted out: "4 There it be, Captain; there it be!" pointed it out to me.

"'See it, sir? See it-there! there!' "I could see nothing.

bost,-an awful night to be out in one!'

railing, and fired the rocket. After the rush | there is no alternative. of its radiant ascent and its purple stars had gone. Suddenly, during an interval in the but glad to get out. I have put the crew



"Down on Your Knees, Quick." crash that the tremendous seas made against shriek, and, jerking our bows, I heard a long, plaintive cry-the

"'Good God!' exclaimed one of the men, sprang at me. He seizing another by the arm; 'what's that? "It sent a thrill of horror through me. "'Shout back, Tobias. Shout back, all of

port, a burst of smoke, "Our united voices were lost in the wild and Boyd lay quiv- winds that shricked through our rigging. "'Light the blue-light.' It cast its flame with a bullethole upon a circle of raging sca; it gave unover his right eye, where the swift messen- earthly color to the faces of the rough men

"Keep a sharp watch, one of you. I'll go

went. The big Scotchman came running "The wind cut my face as I sat down on aft with some of the men. I shouted to the huge yard, close to the foremast, and held on to the fore-rigging for support. "Irons! Jump down into the cabin. Heavy clouds were flying across the storm-There are a couple of pairs under the tran- riven sky. The vast sea looked black and angry, and struck the laboring bark with "He was down and up in a jiffy, and we terrible force. I peered out in every direcclapped them on in no time. The men were | tion for a long time. I could see absolutely

to each other. I shouted to two of them, "'Poor fellow,' I muttered; 'God help

care to obey. But after a while, when I "This, gentlemen," said Serge slowly, "is threatened them, they sulkily came towards | the blessed year of grace 1888, but as sure me. I gave them an order to take up the as I am a living man, a human voice replied

with the assistance of the Scotchman. I "The words were hardly out of my mouth, had the two prisoners put down with the when a shrill voice close to my ear an-

mutiny and the certain punishment for it in "I turned quickly towards the sound, any port in the civilized world. I dwelt | As there is an Almighty God, seated on the

HATED FACE OF ALFRED BOYD! The same malicious smile; the same droop "'Now,' I finally said, as I carefully re- of the eyelids; the same black mustache,

"I stared at him: I could only stare. "They went over in a body. I put my | Every nerve in me was upon a needle's point. and thundering sea, and the black storm-"The Boatswain lay flat upon his face clouds rushed across the blacker sky. But on the floor stone dead, with a terrible what was this my human eyes had seen? dirk-wound in his back that had reached I slowly raised my head at last, and turned

"'Nov. 10.-For the last three weeks we "Dec. 13.-The same head wind, unchangtook off his can, a sign that he wanted to see

"'I'm sick, Captain; very sick." "Where sick, lad? tell me."

same direction exactly. The barometer fell at him closely. He closed his mouth again. was hove to on the port tack. Presently up and down the poop. Only my hands he had just seen a light off our port bow. I griping tight about my heart. Yes, I knew

HE HAD SCURVY! "Dec. 23.—In my position to-day I found but not all. I looked for some time, but I that we had lost not less than 60 miles to smooth paint, and even the seams in the for hope and success! couldn't make out anything. Suddenly one the southward. What, I wonder, is going woodwork behind me. I breathed laborito become of us? Three days ago Hansen ously and with a tightening feeling, as of a died of the dreaded scurvy. We buried strap of steel about my chest. I could utter "Then all the men saw it and eagerly him yesterday. There are four new cases to-day. The little water left is stale and had fied me. Vision alone remained. brackish. We have had no rain. There is not a drop of limejuice in the vessel or a "It's close to us, sir! a-bobbin' on the quart of vinegar. We have gotten down to water like a duck, sir! It may be a small | the last tier of barrels of the tough salt | light falling upon his black and curly hair, | have corked that up tight, you see."

on an allowance of water and provisions. There is but little hope for three of them. Nearly all the crew suffer more or less. It leaves us-counting myself and the Chinaman-but 10 working hands. What am I

Thans and Thompson, both good sailors. I northing, and we are almost too weak-handed to swing her yards. I made a speech to the men to-day, and counseled courage and | hope to find an endless sleep.' patience. They are a sorry-looking set.

herself upon a listless sea.'

closing the volume with his finger between wood. I staggered to the cabin door. I of scurvy continued. Water grew scarcer. The provisions were very low, and deaths frequently occurred. The ship vainly strived to get north. The wind never changed. She lost mile after mile, which she never regained. I turn to the entry one week later than that I have just read to you. ger of death had crashed through his brain. around me, and marked in inky shadows The handwriting is, of course, my own. It is weak and trembling. I read: ing spars. But we saw the light no more nor

"'Jan. 20.-I must be brief. We have but a cask of muddy water left. The last barrel of beef is under the forecastle. There remain alive on board but five, counting myself. The tall Scotchman, who has so far kept up, was attacked by the scurvy to-day. He was my last stronghold. We have seen no passing vessels for weeks. We see nothing but a boundless sea, and feel nothing but the hated northeast wind.

ALONE! ALONE! " Jan. 27.- I am alone-God help meon this vessel. I am weak and much emaciated. I am determined to live. With the deaths that occurred, the time that the small stock of provisions would last, of course increased. I made an enumeration. I have water enough for from 10 to 12 days. Provisions for 20. The weather, fine and cold.' The Annie sailed along by herself, heading east-southeast. Of course I could do nothing further in the management of the ship. I spent my days walking about the decks, and my nights in dreamless sleep. There was nothing else for me to do.

"'Feb. 18.-I have managed to live, with strict economy, by myself, 22 days upon the hapless vessel. The weather, all that time, has been clear and bracing. Fresh, cold winds, and a steady course east-southeast. I have been busy the last 10 days in getting ready to use, in case of necessity, the yawl that hangs astern of the Annie. I have provisioned her, and placed everything I thought could be of necessity to me. It has given me something to do, and to think than for some time.'

"One night I awoke suddenly. I did not know the time. I heard the ticking of my chronometer, but felt too drowsy to get up. What use was it? I listened to the swash of the gentle water against the ship's outside. I could hear, now and then, in the clear air of night, the creak of some idle block or the flapping of some half-filled sail. I was chilly. I drew the clothes about me closer, and turned upon my side with



WHAT I SAW."

exposure. Presently I became more comon my clothes before I left the room, for I curtain and stepped into the little cabin.

no word. Speech and sense and thought all upon it.

A SPIRIT VISITANT. beef. We make no headway, and are rapidly sat the dead mutineer, Boyd! He was busy He grinned at his own conceit, and shook "Jump aft, one of you, and fetch a light falling away from the track of commerce. writing with a pencil upon a slip of paper. his head in a wise manner. Several mem-

braces till they crack. Day by day the then nervously crased some word and re- and were moving away. The man who went came back presently same story. We have not got to make wrote it swiftly. Presently he impatiently "Lift me up!" shouted the man at the with two rockets, a blue-light and a sea- northing. We can reach no land to the pushed the paper away from him, and rested head of the table. "Lift me up and take lantern. I leaned over against the forecastle | east or west. We must keep on-on, now; | his head upon his enormous hand. At last | me out!" The Lascars did so. he slowly turned his face to me and smiled. "'Dec. 29 .- I released the prisoners to-day. He sat back in the cabin chair and stared at "You do not believe me! You doubt, all of died out in the stormy sky, we all peered They went willingly to work. They were me. He brought his fingers up and twisted, you. See, I will prove it! I will show it out into the gloom again. The light had much emaciated by their long confinement, calmly, his black mustache; then ran his to you! It speaks; it is ---!" palm over the livid scar above his eye. How long this lasted I cannot tell. I only knew There are nine men down with scurvy. that he beckoned me and pointed to a chair. It was a match. He struck it on the breast Jackson Desires to be Removed I could not resist-I took it. He rested of his shabby coat and held its flame to the both elbows on the table and faced me, gaz- little nozzle! ing steadily at me. His unearthly presence | There was a loud report. The room was seemed slowly, like some odious vapor, to filled with smoke and fire, and pieces of the surround me; my mind was weak and can flew over the room; streams of some "'Jan. 6.-We buried two men to-day- | weary; my nerves shattered and astray. I | liquid ran in blazing flames of bluish fire felt creeping over me the coming of lethargy over the table, on the floor, and reached the have but two weeks' more water, though and dreamy unconsciousness. My eyes fell heavy curtains. The whole room was ablaze! using it with the utmost economy. The from his, and I slowly slipped from my seat | Dr. Kliniki lay senseless upon the now beef will last about a month. We make no | to the cabin floor; but not before I heard a | blazing carpet.

hollow voice repeat:

"'Jan. 13 .- Conditions in every way as closing the little book and placing it in his had already fled. In the street the Man related in my last entry. We committed to | pocket. "There is nothing more in this vol- | with the Feminine Voice calmly stepped to the sea this last week the bodies of three ume. I will briefly end the story of my ter- a fire-box and sounded the alarm. Then more men, all victims of the scurvy. Two rible experience. When I came to myself I came the clang! clang! of the engine bells more will undoubtedly die to-night. There was prone upon the floor. The light was and the mad gallop of rushing horses; the are but four working hands on deck, and we still burning, but very dimly. I looked hurrying crowds; sheets of flame burst from rarely swing the yards. The Annie sails about me, after I got upon my feet. There the house, and billows of hot smoke poured "The entries from this date," said Serge, the smell of smoke-of the burning of light was doomed, indeed.



alive. I sprang out on deck. Before I had reached the hold a column of white and roaring flame shot up the great hatch almost in my face. The lumber load was a mass of heat. I could hear the roaring of the fire in the bowels of the star. I knew I had but a moment to spare. I wickly ran to my boat and lowered it into the water. The sea was smooth and it was nearly a-calm. I clambered down into he and cut the tackles that held her. I pulled away a couple of hundred feet. Then I looked back at the vessel.

"It did not take long for the whole ship to became one mass of flame. Soon the fire reached her masts, her rigging and her halffilled sails. Like fiery snakes it crept aloft; like ropes of crimson it swathed her spars; in sheets of crackling blaze it surged about her canvass. I rested on my oars and stared at what I saw, I drew my breath and thanked my Maker, for, by the little cabinhatch, I saw standing, with folded arms and drooping head, now wrapped in the seething about. I am stronger and better to-day fire, the gaunt form of my spirit foe-the Second Mate, Alfred Boyd!

THE RESCUE. "The following morning I was picked up by the English ship Laura Thorn. She had been attracted by the burning of the hapless Annie Dolorous, and had changed her course to the rescue. She carried me to London, the last survivor of the most remarkable adventure in sailing distant seas that ever fell to the lot of man."

Serge bowed to the company assembled. and resumed his seat.

At this moment there came a loud ring at the rusty doorbell of the club. One of the Lascars hastened to it. All awaited in quiet QUEEREST OF THE QUEER.

The Lascar was closely followed by a tall, thin man, with a sharp, hatchet face and prominent nose. He wore a high, muchbattered, tall hat, which was shoved back on his head so as to expose its almost total baldness. His body was clothed in a long, seedy black coat, that almost touched the floor. His whole appearance was indicative of perfect carelessness as to dress or appearance. His bands were long and bony; his manner exceedingly nervous and excitable, and his glance penetrating. It was the long-absent member of the club, Dr. Kliniki. He carried under his arm a long, but square, tin box, such as are commonly used for ker-"I RESTED ON MY OARS AND STARED AT osine, for it had on top the usual little spout projecting, to pour out the oil. In my face towards the little cabin. Great this spout was a small cork. He placed this God! there was a dim light burning box upon the table. Then he spread out there, and I knew I had left none lit! I both hands upon the cloth, and leaning forlay back trembling with fear; for, be it re- | ward, still standing, he fairly glared in turn "Good-evening, gentlemen!"

Some of the members bowed, others did not return the salutation, but all looked un-

"I have inclosed in this receptacle," and nerves. This completed, I drew back my you think? Can you guess? It is the result of my life's work! Of years of untiring "I staggered to the cabin wall at what I study! Of nights of stupendous dreams? saw. I felt, with nerveless fingers, the Of hours of yearning and earnest prayers "It is a human soul!"

He looked down upon the greasy box with a grim smile, and placed his other hand

"It is a human, immortal soul, preserved in the wonderful finid I have finally suc-"Seated at the table, with head bent ceeded in manufacturing. It cannot escape down, with crouching figure, with the dim except through this little spout. And I

and a rocket. They are under the break of We try to force her ahead. We strain the He rested a moment, as if in deep thought, bers of the club had risen from their seats CIIIA

"Wait! Wait!" shricked the Doctor.

He had hastily drawn the cork. His quick hand took something from his pocket.

Serge and the Man with the Scar on His "'At last, at last, this restless spirit may | Face lifted the prostrate form and hurried with it to the door. The rest of the mem-"There is little more to tell," said Serge, bers, realizing what was about to happen, was no one in the cabin. Quickly I detected | upwards. The Club of Curious Characters

In the gray dawn of the following mornthe leaves, "become nearer and nearer in threw it open. A blinding volume of thick ing there stood a tall, straight figure, looking times, but of shorter narration. The scourge smoke came in. All my senses were now across the way at the yet smoking pile of charred timbers and tumbled bricks. He wore a black coat, buttoned tightly to his chin, and his hands were clasped behind

It was the Count P. D. "Well," he muttered, "that ends the And he turned upon his heel and walked

rapidly down the silent street. [The end.] QUAY AT FREDERICKSBURG.

BY C. B. LOWER, WASHINGTON, D. C.

Have you ever heard told the story How Matthew Stanley Quay Won a lot of fame and glory One dark and bloody day? No? Then to you I'll tell it, Though oft' it has been told By admiring comrades. Well, it Is a story never old,

Quay was Colonel of the regiment, One hundred and thirty-four, That loyal Pennsylvania sent To water with its gore The soil of Old Virginia; and Of all her gallant sons None braver fought in Southern land Or were handier with their guns.

'Twas in the Fall of sixty-two, When Union stock was low, And victories extremely few And army movements slow, That Quay had raised his regiment And hastened to the front, With loyal heart and firm intent To share the battle's brunt.

Along the hights of Falmouth then Our army was encamped, And on the Rappahannock's banks Our watchful sentries tramped; While Fredericksburg, that quaint old town, Across the river lay, And on the hights, out there beyond,

There Quay took sick; nigh unto death By fever he was brought; Its promised ending lessened much His chance of being shot; For long and hard he fought for life, Death tried to "run him in," But Quay came victor from this strife-He always fights to win.

The rebs had come-to stay.

But weak and worn was Col. Quay When convalescence came; His step was slow, and thin they say His former stalwart frame. Now, though to service in the field His heart did him incline, By shattered health compelled to yield,

He wisely did resign. Then through the system of red tape, And courses roundabout, An order came in proper shape, That Quay be mustered out. Said Tyler, his superior then: "Colonel, it gives me sorrow

To see you mustered out to-day ;

We're going to fight to-morrow," Then up spoke Matthew Stanley Quay, While his eyes quick flashing light, Told that though weak his body was, His soul was full of fight 'Take back this cursed order; here I with my boys will stay, And in to-morrow's battle share

The fortune of the day." Said Gen. Tyler, "It is too late, O'Brian commands your men; And you are now, and from this date, A private citizen.' Then wroth was Matthew Stanley Quay; "Give, me a musket, then

In vain his comrades urged him then; "You're a fool," they bluntly said, To think of fighting battles, when You ought to be in bed. Firm as a rock, or an army mule, This answer Quay did give : "I'd rather be killed and called a fool. Than called a coward and live."

I'll go a private into the ranks,

And fight among my men."

Said Tyler: "A private, well I know, You are too weak to be; If into this battle you will go, Be Aid-de-Camp to me." So Col. Matthew Stanley staid, And went into the fray; Serving as Gen. Tyler's Aid All through that dreadful day

Of Fredericksburg, and everywhere He on the field appeared The boys paused in their fighting there, And for him wildly cheered. And wherever the bullets fiercest storm, And wherever the hottest fray, Through the battle's smoke was seen the form Of Matthew Stanley Quay,

As he led the way in that hopeless fight, Where heroes died in vain, On the bloody slope of that death-crowned hight Which valor could not gain. This is the story of Col. Quay, Who, to save his honor from doubt,

When sick and mustered out. Now fill your glasses ' now you're dry, And drink this tons ive: Here's to him who rath a fool would die, Than as a coward live.

Went into the battle and fought all day,

Operations in Virginia During the

Year 1862.

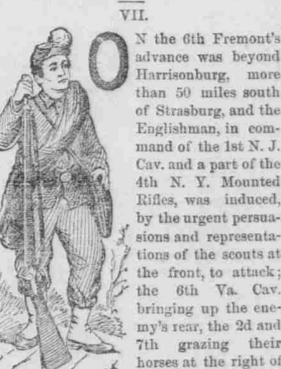
GEN. ASHBY KILLED.

to Richmond.

MORE DIVINE SERVICE

Escaping in Disorder Through the Back Door of the Inn.

BY DR. HENRY CAPEHART, LATE BREVET MAJOR-GENERAL, U. S. VOLUNTEERS, COM-MANDING THIRD CAVALRY DIVISION, KNOWN AS CUSTER'S.



Harrisonburg, more than 50 miles south of Strasburg, and the Englishman, in command of the 1st N. J. Cav. and a part of the 4th N. Y. Mounted Rifles, was induced, by the urgent persuasions and representations of the scouts at the front, to attack; bringing up the enemy's rear, the 2d and 7th grazing their

horses at the right of the road, under Gen. Ashby. When the Englishman ordered a charge, and advancing precipitately and incautiously, the command was repulsed and driven back, Sir Percy himself and Capts. Shelmire, Clark and Haines being left in the hands of the enemy, with about 30 of the men. But the Bucktails going in, supported by the 1st Pa. Cav., Ashby, reinforced by a regiment of infantry (the 58th Va.), determined to ambush them, but "was baffled and ambushed himself," as Munford says, and surrendered his life. The engagement was severe, and the Bucktails fought slpendidly, sustaining considerable loss, Col. Kane being wounded and taken prisoner, Capt. Taylor also being captured, Capt. Blanchard shot through both legs, and Lieut. Swayne wounded; but the energy left them the field, bearing off most of their wounded on horse-

Ashby was indisputably a soldier of rare brilliancy and ability, and gave promise of great distinction. Jackson was under the deepest obligations to him, yet he was sufficiently ignoble to damn him nearly a year after his death with faint praise, and, to cover up his own failure to capture the greater part of Banks's army, preposterously gave the blame to Ashby.

Shields was still where we left him, building a bridge to cross the river. At Harrisonburg, Fremont, in the presence of an enterprising and able opponent, not to speak of a Napoleon or even a Lee, would have been in a precarious situation, McDowell's flagrant | had been watching from Peaked Mountain this neglect to co-operate, as ordered by the



UNFORTUNATE MEETING OF OLD FRIENDS President, having left him isolated in the enemy's country and considerably outnumbered, and the same as 50 miles away from support. Had Jackson properly husbanded his strength and kept it well in hand, he could have delivered at Fremont, whose ardently anxious for, and could then have had the opportunity to make an attempt

TO CRUSH SHIELDS. as ordered previously; but the sober fact is Valley without orders, leaving the railreinforcements, and representing that he

leading brigade, and on the road to Richmond. In a dispatch to Gen. Johnston, from this place, on the 6th, he said: "Should my command be required at Richmond I can be at Mechum's River Depot, on the Central Railroad, the second day's march. At present I do not see that I can do much more than rest my command, and devote its time to drilling. If Shields crosses the Blue Ridge, shall my entire command, or any part of it, move correspondingly? While I rejoice at your success, yet I am grieved to hear that you are wounded." Before Gen. Lee received this he had one or more dispatches of the same date from Jackson (not recorded), concerning which he said, the next day, in a communication to Secretary Randolph: "I grieve at the death of Gen, Ashby. I hope he will find a successor. Gen. Steuart mentions Col. Fitz Lee. I do not know whether he could carry with him Ashby's men. How would Col. Thomas T. Munford answer? He seems to be a good officer, judging at this distance. We must endeavor to find some one. Send the Georgia regiments you mention. They will be of some help. We must aid a gallant man, if we perish." It is safe to conclude that they supposed at Richmond Jackson was facing immense odds, when, in fact, Lee was more in need of reinforcements than he, if relative numbers alone were considered. The day following Lee received Jackson's dispatch to Johnston, as to which he said: "If Gen. Jackson is safe in his po-

OPERATIONS. which seems to be the case, reinforcements will be lost upon him. I have written him to report what he can do, to rest and refresh his men, and be prepared to unite with the army near Richmond, if called on, but not to omit to strike the enemy if it can be done successfully." The dispatch was not received by Jackson until the 9th or 10th. Johnston had, May 31 and June 1, struck McClellan hard enough to keep him quiet, and Lee, as before, was much more desirous for Jackson to strike a blow in the Shenandoah than for his presence with him. Instead of concentrating and striking a blow at Fremont, numerically inferior to him. Jackson decided to divide his army, rest and drill, and wait for reinforcements and orders from Richmond; content to remain unmolested and without a thought of beginning a fight. Saturday evening, the 7th, Ewell, with less than 5,000 men, was posted at Cross Keys, about midway between Harrisonburg and Port Republic, and perhaps six miles from either, in a naturally strong position, and with 16 cannon. The bulk of the army lay near Port Republic, but on the opposite or west side of the river, the trains, parked, occupying the hights. Jackson himself, with his staff, was tarrying at the village inn, across the river from his army, the river being crossed by a covered wooden bridge. Cavalry held the road on his side, and picketed a short distance down, and scouts were about. All being quiet, and receiving no intelligence of any activity on the part of the Federals, he retired to rest at his inn, proposing to spend Sunday in the

AND CANNOT UNDERTAKE OFFENSIVE

private devotion and self-communion. For several days there had been a small detachment from Shields's command at Conrad's Store, about 15 miles down, under Col. ----, Strange to say, Jackson's signal officers, who force and Shields with the main body, perhaps 20 miles farther down, had only the previous evening left their post of observation-possibly to attend service with Jackson on Sunday. Before daylight Sunday morning, and perhaps five miles down the river from Port Republic, there was a party of 150 of the 1st W.Va. Cav., Capt. Robinson's battery, and about 800 infantry, from various regiments, under the Colonel from Conrad's, taking breakfast and feeding their horses, on the way to Waynesboro, 20 miles south of Port Republic, to burn the bridge near there, and in the belief that Jackson was heading for that place.

manner most congenial to his disposition-

in divine service with his troops, and in

Shortly after sunrise the cavalry and artillery were dashing into Port Republic, the infantry following hard after Jackson's cavalry, which was retiring in panic and disorder beyond the village-disgracefully, Jackson says. Jackson, receiving a penciled note from Capt. Sipe, of his scouts, advising him of our approach, quickly followed by the more impressive warning of clattering hoofs-it is the very first duty of a historian to be truthful-ESCAPED IN DISORDER THROUGH THE BACK DOOR OF THE TAVERN,

and mounting his horse, reached his army by swimming the river. But some of his staff were not so fortunate, being captured in their beds, though taking the accident with languing fiber was not sufficiently firm for a hard good-nature and were taken to the Colone fight, a crushing blow, which Gen. Lee was | The village was picketed, and guns were pested to command the road to the south and the bridge. Capt. C. C. Krepps, with about 100 cavalrymen, continued on and crossed the river, quita unconscious of the proximity of Jackson's army, though the white tops of the train had been observed, and a large number of beef catthat, by his recklessly injudicious and eccen- the herded near by. Soon becoming aware tric manner of movement, his force had be- that the enemy was close at hand in great come appallingly diminished, which, with numbers, he returned to the bridge, reported his discovery to the Colonel up at the village, the serious blow of Ashby's death, then and asked for permission to burn the bridge, fresh, had reduced him to a state of despond- holding it meantime with his command. Col. ency far removed from any thoughts of -was young, handsome and fair, liked by making aggressive movements. He was west Point-of indisputable courage, tried in everybody, a thorough soldier-educated at now more than willing, nay anxious, to many fights thenceforth and to the end, and of leave the Valley and proceed to Richmond, a Revolutionary family of high social distincwhere, he had been told, a real victory had tion; but he had a weakness which he never been gained over McClellan, and where, it officers he met an old-time friend and classwill be remembered, he had been ordered to mate of the Military Academy. In the joy of hold himself in readiness to march. Indeed, meeting bottles were interchanged, and streams of Federal Bourbon and Confederate applejack during the two previous days, between the mingling and uniting their influence with a fear of Fremont and an ungrounded fear of | flood of memories, there can be little doubt that Shields, to whose united forces he should for some moments, all too brief, in the minds not have been much inferior, he was so the "cruel war" over, and the glorious Union shaken that he had given preparatory or- again restored. But the Colonel's judgment ders, and was on the point of quitting the | naturally became affected, to the exclusion of a clear sense of his obvious duty, and when the soldier delivered his message from Krepps the road communication and Staunton to their | Colonel treated it with scorn, branded Krepps fate, at the same time calling frantically for | most unjustly as a coward, and commanded loudly, that the bridge should be held at all hazards. A second and more pressing request, was contending against fearful odds; but with an explanation of the situation, met with by reason of Shields and Fremont's delay, a like reception. Meanwhile Jackson's drums his fears became, in a measure, quieted, and sounded to arms; 16 guns went into position on the hights, infantry was moved to their supdeeming himself safe for the present from port, and Taliaferro's Brigade moved to recover serious molestation, he concluded to inform | possession of the bridge under fire of some of Gen. Johnston of his readiness to remove to Robinson's guns, losing three men. Then Richmond. He was, in person, now at Port road to the bridge. Booming of cannon was Republic, several miles in advance of his also heard in Jackson's rear. Fremont, with